A MEMORIAL OF ALICE JACKSON

ROBERT E. SPEER

The
Mennonite Biblical
Seminary Library

The gift of

P. E. Whitmer

Xmas, 1909.

To Mary,
from
Frannie
and
Dad.

Paul E. Whitmer

A MEMORIAL
of
ALICE JACKSON

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

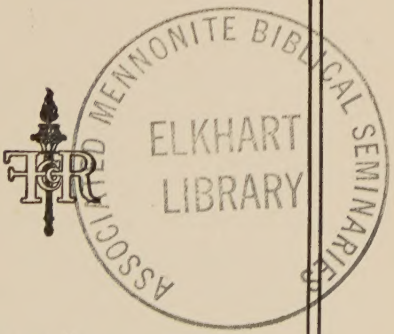
https://archive.org/details/memorialofalicej0000robe_a0q5

IN 1906

A Memorial of Alice Jackson

By
ROBERT E. SPEER

ILLUSTRATED



New York Chicago Toronto
Fleming H. Revell Company
London and Edinburgh

Copyright, 1908, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 80 Wabash Avenue
Toronto: 25 Richmond Street, W.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 100 Princes Street

CONTENTS

I.	Childhood	7
II.	At Smith College . .	18
III.	In the Girls' Club at Greenfield	26
IV.	At Christodora House .	33
V.	As Secretary of the Smith College Association for Christian Work . .	40
VI.	Her Summers and Her Correspondence . .	71
VII.	In the Welfare Work at Ludlow	77
VIII.	In Industrial Work in New York City . . .	94
IX.	At Dana Hall . . .	99
X.	The End Which is the Beginning	107
XI.	Her Own Interpretation of Life and Death . . .	123

14730

A Memorial of Alice Jackson

I

CHILDHOOD

ALICE JACKSON was born at Styal, Cheshire, England, on December 19, 1876. Her father, Stanway Jackson, who died when Alice was thirteen years old, was an ardent Liberal in politics, an effective party worker and a powerful platform speaker. He had a keen interest, which Alice inherited, in all efforts for social progress and his interest, like hers, sought expression in practical helpfulness. He was a member of the Congregational Church, superintendent of the Sunday-school, teacher of a Men's Bible Class, and leader of a children's service. On her mother's side, Alice was descended from a long line of Congregational ministers and from both sides of the family inherited her interest in foreign

missions. In the days when the doors of the great English universities were closed to non-conformists, some of the candidates for the London Missionary Society were educated in the home of her grandfather, the Reverend William Alliott of Bedford (Howard Chapel), and such men as Griffith John of China, McFarlane of New Guinea and Cousins of Madagascar came from that library class-room. Alice was brought up with the idea that work in the Church and for the community was a matter of course.

In October, 1884, the family came to America and made a home at Englewood, N. J. Here Alice lived until she went away to Smith College, in the fall of 1894. She had as a child the same rich and varied individuality of character which marked her in later years. Some of its beauties were the natural unfolding of her early qualities, and some the triumphant conquest over what might have been narrowing limitations. She was, like many children, shy and diffident, and often shrank from meeting people. In her simple unselfishness she would think she was not wanted in one or another company, and would retire accordingly into

the background. She had an intense reticence of character which always made it hard and therefore all the more impressive for her to speak of the deepest things. She was not a very strong child, and this brought the temptation of irritability, and one of her first battles was the battle which she victoriously fought for self-control. When the shadow of a great limitation fell in later years and she suffered much, even her closest friends would not have known it from any outward betrayal and she had learned this lesson of complete self-mastery as a child.

Her childhood, as all her later life, was filled with joyous good humour and playfulness of spirit. She had a great desire to hear funny things to make her laugh. She would say, "Tell me something funny. I like to laugh." She always saw the amusing side, and no one who heard her can forget the silvery ripple of gladness which lightened all her talk. She had always a great power of loving others and as a child was especially devoted to her brother, whose death occurred just a year before her own. She would sit beside him while he read to

her from "Pilgrim's Progress," which she loved, but would always demand that the passages about "Mercy" be omitted. "Oh, leave out that horrid old Merky," she would interrupt. She was very fond in these early years of big words and of pets and of all living things. She informed an older sister one day that she knew that a certain person was engaged to be married for she saw her wear a diamond ring, and "so my superstitions were immediately enlarged." Once she came in grieving, "I've lost my white mice in the piano. I wonder if I can find them," and another time was plunged in grief because her big green poison caterpillar had gone astray in the library. Her interest in animals extended to the dead ones, and she wept so over being denied the privilege of seeing an older boy dissect a cat that her mother had to yield, and in the interest of her scientific curiosity allow her to witness the dissection. She rejoiced in all the usual play of childhood. One of her childhood playmates writes of some recollections:

"I remember our girl confidences in the old apple-tree at 'Pollards' as it was called

then. The old tree was back behind the barn and its branches hung down in a circle all around, so when we were inside all the world seemed shut out, and we each had our own particular limb which we'd sit on—and sway up and down, and tell what we'd do and like to be when we were grown-up people. I remember Alice, even then, wanted to be a missionary. Perhaps she didn't call it by that name, but she was the one among us who kept the rest inspired by her high aspirations, and even I thought I should like to follow Alice's example. Alice never wished for anything for herself. When we all told our greatest desire in confidence, hers was always something which would profit some one else.

"I recollect the time when we were playing 'Bachelor's Kitchen' and Alice's forfeit was to kiss father. She was terribly afraid of father, but she thought it was her forfeit and she would have to do it. We never believed she could, but while we were all laughing and teasing her, up she marched to father, who was in the hammock, and kissed him. It just showed that no matter how frightened she was, when she thought it was right she did it.

"I remember the fair we girls had on the lawn in the Maple Street house—for the Helping Hand Society. That was Alice's idea. We girls made wash-rags, I remember, and sachets, and when our sachet-powder gave out we used some good smelling cologne of father's to make the sachets smell good. We'd work up in the wild cherry-trees where the Probsts' big house is built now. I don't know why we always seemed to perch in the trees, but we always did. The old apple-tree at Pollards and the wild cherry-tree, where the Probsts' house is now, are among the dearest things when I look back nowadays."

"The children always did things together," writes one of her sisters. "I remember the wedding party where Alice was the minister and the five brides and grooms proved unruly, as there came two boys who insisted on having the same bride, so that Sammy ——— had to have two. And I remember the lunatic asylum they played in the garret, and when we objected to the noise they offered to change to a menagerie. And then there was a play where one of the older ones had to be a chorus of gnomes singing a weird

song. It was the doing things together as children that helped Alice to grasp so quickly, when she went to college, the fullness of the class spirit, the unity of team work. When Alice was twelve an older sister was married and the children wished to earn the money for a wedding gift so as to make it their very own. They gathered wild blackberries and sold them to mother. The proceeds were to buy three cups, one from each of them, but on measuring the contents of the baskets it was found that Alice's weighed twice that of any one else. So four cups were bought, but they were given 'From us all three together.' For nearly twenty years no one has drunk from those cups without silently remembering the spirit of the gift."

She was not a robust child. How serious her physical limitations were, few ever discovered, except when she was suffering from the disease which ended her life. She appeared to work with exhaustless energy. During her college course, in spite of her childhood's delicate health, she was exceptionally proficient in athletic games. That was in part due to her nervous energy and

in part to her indomitable purpose. What she made up her mind to do she did and nothing could change any purpose she had distinctly formed. She would readily give up any wish of hers for the sake of another, but she would not be swerved from her own conviction one hair's breadth.

Characteristic of this unswerving purpose was her determination, as a child, to learn her home lessons in the family sitting-room where all the older members gathered after dinner to sew and chat. She could not be persuaded to go into a quiet room apart. She liked company and she liked even then to prove to herself that she could so concentrate her attention as not to hear what was going on around her. Perhaps to this self-planned discipline of mind may be due much of her later power to accomplish work at all times and in all surroundings. Sensitiveness and tender-heartedness were the strongest characteristics of her childhood, and it was through victory over their possibilities of hindrance that she gained her rich sympathy with and power over others. Somehow, when she was grown up, people told her of troubles and temptations that they never

THE CHILD

confessed elsewhere, and she once explained to another her plan to be of help to them: "When any one tells you of a matter of which she has hitherto not spoken and asks your advice, she is very apt afterwards to wish she had not broken silence and to feel embarrassed the next time she meets you. So I always give some confidence of my own in return and then we meet as equals." This little speech perhaps more than anything else shows how her wish to serve triumphed over every other desire, for the instinctive rule of her personal conduct was "Every man shall bear his own burden," and though she was always ready to bear another's, her natural reticence made it very hard for her to share her own.

A letter to an older cousin written shortly after her father's death, when she was thirteen, shows her sensitiveness. It begins with a childish description of the excitement of being taken by friends for an evening sleigh-ride behind four horses and then continues, "I do wish papa was here with us, but I don't feel as if he was dead. It seems to me as if he could hear every word we say and see everything we do. I do so hate to

hear anybody say anything about us being fatherless." It was this same friend who took her sleighing who seemed to know how best to comfort her after her father's death. Alice went over to spend the day with her and came back at night saying, "I think Mrs. K—— knows what children want. She didn't talk to me. She just left me alone and gave me *all* the dogs to play with."

She was so tender-hearted over offense to others that each evening she went to each child in the family and asked forgiveness, until at last the other children got tired and told her one evening to stop, that she was forgiven for a month. Thereupon, in her conscientious way, she got a little book and kept a record there of the time for which each one had promised to forgive her. Those who are discouraged because they fear that because of their sensitiveness or diffidence of disposition they can never be influential with others, need not surrender to these things. They may be all the stronger for them. Alice Jackson grew up through these very qualities of childhood into the richest and most effective service.

Her childhood days were full of sunshine,

The children always played their games together, and while their father lived they had his close companionship and interest in all their pursuits and pleasures. He was their playmate, too, and coming home from business in the evening he would take his " Big Squirrel," as he always called her, on his shoulder, and would romp with her. That was a part of the day that was always looked forward to, not only by herself and her sisters, but also by all their playmates. On Sunday afternoons, too, there would be walks in the woods, long English walks—full of the interest of nature and of the beauty of God's world, which their father would unfold to them. So her childhood was passed abounding in her parents' love for her—a love which permeated her life through all its years.

II

AT SMITH COLLEGE

AFTER completing her preparation at the Dwight School in Englewood, Alice entered Smith College in the fall of 1894. One of her classmates wrote in *The Smith College Monthly* for January, 1907, of what Alice was and did in college:

"Since we first came together as a class in the fall of '94, Alice Jackson's influence has been a most consistently helpful and inspiring one. She *lived* her class spirit. Her ready, efficient, untiring service spoke her enthusiasm. The soundness of her loyalty was proven by her high standard of class spirit. With her it was not degraded to the standard of competition; her work for her class was not to the end that it might be a successful rival, but her sturdy effort showed her desire that we might attain to our best; that we might arrive at our highest classhood, close and loyal daughterhood to alma mater.

"Unusually versatile, Alice Jackson entered into almost every phase of our college life, and whatever she touched became beautiful in her doing of it. Whether in work or in play, she reached out always for the underlying ideal, unconscious of herself save as an instrument of service. A member of the basket-ball team, she played a wonderful game, swiftly, quietly, efficiently and fairly, always in the helpful place, never grasping an opportunity for individual glory at the expense of the team work. She grasped the ethics of the game and never even knew there was a selfish side. At the close of our official sophomore game, as we, crushed, tragic children, were trying to grip the fact bravely that for the first time in our college history the game had gone officially to the freshmen, it was our Ajax who found for us the key to the situation, 'It's *fine* for the freshmen.'

"So in the college honours which as a matter of course came to her lot, in Alpha, Biological Society, Colloquium, editor of the *Monthly*, and as a member of other organizations, religious, social and intellectual, she regarded her election not as a cause for self-congratulation, not as a tribute to her own

abilities, but simply as an opportunity for further usefulness. It was in this spirit that she entered into the Shakespeare prize essay contest, not with the desire of winning the prize for herself, but in order to fill out the necessary number of competitors. When word came to her that the prize had been awarded to her essay, she received the news with a burst of grief and disappointment: 'I thought C—— would get the prize. She worked so hard.'

"So she moved and worked and played among us, strong in her simple selflessness. Overwhelmed with work for other people, she was never too tired to be courteous, never too busy to be sympathetic, never too weary to meet new demands, never too engrossed to seek out the lonely or disheartened or homesick to share with them her sweetness and her cheer."

Letters from many of her classmates confirm this estimate of her character: "If ever a girl was bent on making life count to the utmost for manifesting the life and the love of the Lord Christ to every one she could reach, that was Alice." "Did any one ever live so near God as she did?" "She meant

a new conception of life to me." "I consider her one of the most perfect characters I ever knew." So some of them wrote, and another testified to her wonderful freedom in college from that very self-consciousness which was one of her crosses as a child:

"During the ten years which I have known Alice, I have come more and more to realize not only the wonderful beauty of her character, but her rare combination of qualities. Her kindliness, ready humour, personal charm and generosity,—none, perhaps, the traits most apparent at first,—all called forth a warm response from all who met her. But there was besides an enthusiasm, spontaneity and a vigour of character which dominated all physical accidents. She was never too absorbed in her own weariness to show quick and appreciative sympathy with the distress of another, while her unfailing sweetness was absolutely sincere and without sentimentality. Her nature was essentially modest,—often self-depreciating, but she was true to the right as she knew it and acted with a fearlessness and resolution which showed perfect freedom from self-consciousness."

It would have been a joy to her to know

that the consistency of her Christian life in her college work and college play was the means of helping another into the path she tried to tread. After her death a girl wrote saying that when she was in college she thought she would test the theory of Christian living by the practice of a professing Christian, and so she selected Alice Jackson as the one to watch. And Alice's daily life stood the test.

The Christian aims, which had always been dominant in her life, came to mature development in college, and as her college life closed, the thoughts of childhood ripened to large missionary purposes. In a letter written three years later, she described the growth of her Christian experience and desire for Christian service:

"I do not think that my Christian experience has differed very much from that of most children of God-fearing parents. My father and mother loved God and trusted absolutely in Him, and I grew up to love Him, too, and to see, at first through them and then for myself, how He is indeed the loving, heavenly Father, who is always ready to help and strengthen His children, to bring com-

fort in sorrow, strength in the time of trial, to give power to overcome all temptations, and to sanctify and purify and beautify all life.

"During my senior year at college, I was asked to serve as the chairman of our Class Prayer-Meeting Committee, and I think that at that time, in planning the work and in prayer for a deeper spiritual life in the college, I came closer to God than ever before. It seems strange that just before graduating from college, doubts as to whether there really was a God should arise. It seemed for the moment that the whole story of the Christ and of the Father might be a most beautiful legend, and one which I longed to believe, but had no right to do so unless I really knew it to be true. I determined to pray to God just the same, trusting that if there really was a God He would answer my prayer and give me a clearer vision of Himself, and soon the doubts and troubles cleared away.

"Since that time Christ has seemed nearer and more real than ever before and I know and feel that He is indeed the truest and dearest of friends, who is always near and ready to help and to sympathize.

"I think that I long now with an ever-deepening desire to do God's will and to live as Christ did, a life of loving, unselfish service.

"Ever since I was a small child I have always longed to go and live among the poor and unhappy. At first not from any idea of doing missionary work, but simply because my own life had had so much happiness in it that I could not bear to think of any one else being unhappy. I wanted to share my joy with them.

"I always had a great admiration for missionaries, but their lives seemed to me to be so set apart, so far above my life or anything that I could ever become, that I never thought that I myself might one day be a missionary. It was not until the summer of 1898, when I was asked if I was not willing to go abroad as a missionary, that the possibility of really being able to do so came to me with any force. At Northfield, that same summer, I was taught that God can use our lives, and working through us, can teach us how to bring others into His kingdom. Since that time I have longed to be a missionary that I may not only share the joy

that has come into my life with others, but that I may tell them of the love of God, believing that through Him, they may be brought into lives of happiness and usefulness."

Only her nearest friends realized the religious questionings through which Alice was passing in college. But there was nothing to fear from them. She had a will of perfect obedience and no doubts would long darken her sky. One who knew her well writes:

"I never knew a college girl more conscientiously doubtful than Alice, and I've never seen one come out into the sunshine more fully. From doubt and darkness came not only absolute trust and gladness, but in many ways she was like a mystic filled with the presence of Christ—truly nearer than her own life. I marvelled at her because she was far from well—spent nights awake and in pain—but in it all came more and more into absorption in Christ and a childlike confidence that made her not only winsome for His cause but a distinct power."

She came out of college ready for the larger service by reason of the doubts which she had lived through.

III

IN THE GIRLS' CLUB AT GREENFIELD

BUT before she offered herself for missionary service, she turned to the opportunities and responsibilities near at hand which called to her, and which offered the best preparation for the work to which she looked forward. And as it turned out, she never went abroad and her life-work was as a missionary of truest character at home. She took up work in the New York School of Pedagogy, teaching at the same time, first in Brooklyn and then in Miss Audubon's school in New York, and serving as a volunteer worker in the Christodora House. The following two years, 1899–1901, she was secretary of the Girls' Club at Greenfield, Mass. This club had been formed in 1895 in the Second Congregational Church, and to avoid all danger of encroaching upon other denominations, only members of this church or of no church were eligible.

It outgrew such limitations, however, and in 1896 was made general. The club was thoroughly democratic and practical,—well-to-do and poor meeting on a basis of fellowship and equality,—and the work included courses in literature, German, sewing, cooking, first aid to the injured, local history and physical culture. Here the friendless found in Alice the very friend they needed to reveal to them a greater Friend. "She remembered folks that no one else took any notice of," said one girl. "I always know Miss Jackson will remember me whether or not I get anything else for Christmas." Here as always, she was not content with doing a few duties, or all her duties in one sphere. She reached out to all the needy lives she could touch. The Congregational pastor wrote of her: "She is the sanest worker of her age that I have ever seen. She is just the kind of worker we cannot spare here, but her heart is set on the foreign field." This judgment was expressed to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, to which, in February, 1901, she offered herself for work in China.

"About China," she wrote, "I do long to go there more deeply than to any other

place, and especially in the interior or to northern China. Mother wrote me the other day that I could not go to China next year. I think that the only reason is the danger, and I feel that when I can talk to her myself about it, she may be willing to let me go in the autumn. At the same time, though my greatest desire is centred in China, I want to go wherever my life is going to be the most useful, and I don't want to let any personal desires come in. So if it is really not best for me to go there, it will be a great joy to go to some other country. I really do want to go or to stay, whichever is best, only I cannot help hoping that I may be fitted for a life abroad. As I have written you, I long to go as soon as possible (if I shall prove to be fitted for such work), but I do want to have the best preparation and so be really useful."

A few weeks later she wrote:

"I have given northern or the interior of China as the field to which I most desire to go. I do not really know whether it is God's will for me to go there or only my intense desire. If it is His will, I am very sure that all obstacles will be removed. And

He will make His will very clear, I believe. Personally, I have no fear of going into China, and feel that if persecutions and danger should come, His strength to inspire courage would come in a far greater measure, and that He would bring comfort and even joy to the friends at home. So that if it is His will for me to go, and if I am fitted to go, I am willing to go to China. If not, as I said before, to any land or any people, to Japan, or any other place. All the work, I know, is His: the work abroad and the work at home. The Board can judge, of course, from my papers, etc., far better than I can, just where I am fitted to go, or if I am fitted to go at all. I am afraid that the way in which I cling to China may make it seem as though I would not go with equal gladness to other lands, but if it is God's will for me to do so, I know that I shall love the people with whom I live with the same and a deeper love (as I grow to know them) as I do China and her people now."

In a more formal letter she gave the story of her spiritual life and her reasons for wishing to go as a missionary, in which she used

the words already quoted about her childhood desire, adding:

"In asking to be sent to a foreign country, I realize that I am seeking for myself the happiest and most beautiful life, and a life which I am unworthy to live, except through the help and grace of God, which can work through even the humblest life and make it of use to Himself. It is because of this hope that He will use me for Himself, that I dare to ask to go."

She did not offer herself for this service without counting its cost,—not to herself, which was nothing to her, for the joy that was set before her,—but to her mother and family. The Board asked her to consider the need for a teacher in the Joshi Gakuin, a large school for girls in Tokyo, Japan, and she replied:

"All week I have been thinking and praying about this question, and now I still feel that if the Board will send me there, I belong to China. I don't think that this is only my own personal desire to go there.

"I know that in this decision I stand alone, and that it will be a great grief and disappointment to all my friends. I realize

that I am asking them to make all the sacrifice and that I have no sacrifice to make, no grief, except that of giving them pain. I realize, too, that in asking you to send me to the interior, I have asked you to send me to the most dangerous part. But I knew that a year ago, when I first made the request. I think I am right in doing this, and feel that only a knowledge of disqualification should keep me from doing so."

"Her family's opposition to her plan of going to China," writes one of her sisters, "was largely based on the fact that Alice had learned but slowly the practical rules for self-protection. They felt that she was doing and would do a splendid work in America, and that the shelter and care of her home were there near at hand if she should get overtired or break down and need them. They felt sure that in case of Boxer uprising or other calamity she would neglect even the obvious precautions for her own in her zeal for others' safety, and this burden of anxiety was one which they did not feel it right or necessary that her mother should assume."

As she grew more mature she realized more the sacrifice it would mean to her

mother if she should go to China. Her mother's enfolding love was her stay in deep personal sorrow and her own love given in return the dominating human power in her life.

The Board's medical adviser declined to approve Alice's appointment, and informed the Board, as he told her, that probably she could never go to the mission field. He discovered that she was suffering from an ailment (diabetes) from which she had practically no hope of recovery. She refused to be daunted, however, and though she left the Girls' Club at Greenfield, went steadfastly on in her work at home, at the same time that she sought to carry out faithfully all the advice of the physician whom, as in the case of all whom she met, she made her fast friend. Nothing could disturb her serene and joyful confidence that if it was God's will she would get to China.

IV

AT CHRISTODORA HOUSE

THE summer of 1901 she spent at the Christodora House in New York City, a Christian settlement on Avenue B near Tenth Street. She had worked there before, and always went back when she could. She founded the Mothers' Club, beginning by asking the mothers of some of the children in the clubs to come and drink coffee and sing German songs once a week at the House. From its beginning of six German women, who met to talk over their children and to sew, the club is now going on with a membership of thirty. One of the women in relating the little history of the club in detail said, "Miss Jackson was like a stone that you put in a puddle of water, for every little while I keep finding a new ring." She spoke of work that had come to her when she needed employment through the influence of the club, and finally told of a lady who had sent

her daughter to the Northfield Conference one year, and on finding that this lady was a friend of Alice Jackson she exclaimed triumphantly, "There's the latest and biggest ring." She had a club for boys, also, which bore the name of "The Young Patriots' Club." One of Alice's strongest characteristics was her sense of fun and ready appreciation of humorous situations. She always enjoyed the fact that the secretary of her "Young Patriots' Club" solemnly announced to an assembled audience at Cooper Union that the boys had spent the year in the study of "history, manners, and other relics." She had unique success in this, as in all her work, and she attributed a good deal of it to her training under Miss Washburn of Greenfield, whose ready humour and tact found the way out of many apparent difficulties. She wrote a little song for the children at Christodora House, which became a great favourite:

A PRAYER

Father, hear Thy little children
As to Thee we pray,
Asking for Thy loving blessing
On this day.

Father, make us pure and holy;
Father, make us good.
Show us how to love each other
As we should.

Through the day, O loving Saviour,
May we grow like Thee,
In the beauty all about us
Thy reflection see.

When at length the evening cometh
And we fall asleep,
In Thy arms of love, Thy children
Safely keep.

Father, hear Thy little children
While to Thee we pray,
Asking for Thy loving guidance
All this day.

The words of this song lingered in many minds. The head worker of the Christodora House told recently of a young woman who had not been a regular attendant at the clubs who surprised her by quoting some verses that she had learned years before at Children's Hour. Miss MacColl asked her if she remembered anything else she had learned at that time. She answered: "Yes, and I lost a position through it." Then she explained: "It is the verse

"'Father, make us pure and holy;
Father, make us good.
Show us how to love each other
As we should.'

I have said it every day since I went to Children's Hour and I found in one position that I could not stay and keep pure and holy and I had to give it up or stop saying the verse, so I gave it up." The little children still sing the song every Sunday afternoon. One of the little children's societies in Christodora now is the "Alice Jackson Circle" of deformed children, whom one of those whom Alice inspired has gathered in her name and spirit. "The Alice Jackson Circle," writes Miss MacColl, the head worker, "has a membership of fifteen small girls and boys. Each child is a cripple. Not being normal children it requires much patience and firmness to keep them happy and at the same time teach them self-control. Marion Reich is wonderfully patient and sunny hearted with the children and her faithfulness to their club afternoon is a lesson to many who are not carrying the responsibilities which are on her shoulders. Stormy days, heavy snow, cold-driving rain have never hindered

her. Often she has looked very tired and the children have been boisterous and I have questioned in my heart, 'Will she keep it up?' Once I asked her how she kept up her cheer and she said, 'Oh, I am not cheerful compared to Miss Jackson. She was wonderful! Miss MacColl, do you remember how patient she was? If I thought I could ever be like her! But I never, never can.' She has often told the children that they could never hope for anything more than to be as good as Miss Jackson. If they were like her they would never be selfish and they would make everybody who knew them very, very happy.

"Another girl questioned, 'Did she never get tired of doing things for others? She never seemed to have anything to do for herself. Thinking of her has made me do things for others lots of times,—but not *all* the time like Miss Jackson.'

"Still another asked, 'Did you ever see Miss Jackson look cross? It makes me smile just to think how bright her face always was.'

"One woman said, 'Miss Jackson never did anything I would not have been glad to

do for others if I had only thought of it.' Then quickly, 'Oh, I suppose the *thinking* of it is the whole thing!'

"So mothers and babies went away to spend long hot days by the sea or in the country because Miss Jackson thought of it. Fruit was added to the dry luncheon of a hard-working factory girl because Miss Jackson thought of it. A footstool, just the right height, was slipped under a pair of feet which dangled wearily all day long because the factory working chair was too high. Miss Jackson saw the need and met it.

"Hot, sticky little fingers were taught to take even stitches in aprons to surprise mother. They were taught to toil patiently over their thin cambric squares to make 'a nice fine handkerchief for big sister.' Older hands were taught how to cut and fashion dainty underwear because 'Every girl wants pretty underclothing no matter what outside clothes she wears.' This was new and wonderful news and an added bit of grace was put to the knowledge when it was suggested that each girl give a hand-made undergarment to her best girl friend.

"The giving of gifts made by the donor

became the most popular thing at Christodora House that winter.

"One girl began an elaborate bit of white wool crocheting on which her heart was set. But untrained fingers found it impossible, white wool became dark, snarls and ravelled loops appeared everywhere. One night the girl suddenly seemed to realize that she was making a failure of her work and held it up to look at it with a wail, 'O, tell me, Miss Jackson. Say is it all wrong? Is the wool all wasted? Can I never do it?' But the work had been swept out of her hands and a cheery voice said, 'It will be all right. You are tired to-night. Let us put it away and begin all fresh and rested to-morrow.' At half-past twelve that night I found Alice Jackson labouring over that distorted piece of work, and after that Alice Jackson ripped out each night what the girl did in the evening and did it over again that 'she might not feel discouraged and give it up, for she is a girl who needs encouragement just now.' The girl never knew that her work was done over each night and she marvelled at her own capacity. Her work for the last two nights was so good it did not need to come out! Can you imagine Miss Jackson's joy?"

V

AS SECRETARY OF THE SMITH COLLEGE ASSOCIATION FOR CHRISTIAN WORK

IN the fall of 1902 Alice went back to Northampton to become secretary of the Smith College Association for Christian Work, and remained till the summer of 1904. No years could be filled more full of rich and loving service than Alice Jackson filled these two years at Smith. What she had regarded as her limitations in childhood,—her sensitiveness and her reserve,—had developed into the very sources of her power. She was able to win every one. There was no one whom she was not seeking to help, and no work which she was not eager to do. "What always seemed to me especially remarkable was that she never seemed isolated, in the least out of sympathy with all sorts of people," wrote one of the teachers in Smith. "She was always a wonderfully good companion." But the best

way to set forth what she did as secretary of the College Association, and the spirit in which she did it, will be to quote the statement contributed to *The Smith College Monthly* by Miss Van Kleeck, who was president of the association in 1902–04. Miss Van Kleeck wrote in the thought of Alice's first Christmas Day in the Land Everlasting:

"'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'

"Alice Jackson loved Christmas Day. Its spirit is the spirit of her life. For on that day the world is radiant with happiness, and so was she, through all her days. And the radiance is the shining of the Christ-child's face, whose light was her light,—in whom she looked upon the face of her Master. In the spirit of a little child, she worshipped.

"Well she knew the tragedy of the doubts which darken our age, and the complexity of action and thought in which we lose our way. Fighting the battle which is the common lot to-day, the truth shone out before her eyes that not the mind alone nor the heart alone can find the light, but in the life of discipleship is Christ made real to mind

and heart. The hope of the Gospel rests not in argument, nor scattered deeds, but in the lives of those

"'Who, to the world, deep joy and gladness bring,
Fulfilling by their daily lives the message
Which on the Christmas morn the angels sing.'

The words are hers; nor could her own life's ideal be more truly expressed.

"So it is that we see in her, not the fitful working of a purpose which, however strong, yet by reason of many other conflicting purposes fails to-morrow when to-day's deed of kindness is done. But we see in her the radiance of a life which cannot be diverted from its path, because it is lived close to God.

"It is the beauty of her life that through her our thoughts are lifted to the Master whom she served. To this power, many of those whose lives were strengthened by her two years' service in college bear witness:

"'In every picture of her which comes before my mind she is bringing happiness to some one. With burning intensity to crowd as much as possible into every day, uncertain

how many might be granted her, she gave to us all a vision of the radiance of service.'

"'Her Christlike simplicity, purity and selflessness have been always my inspiration.'

"'All who knew her have a sense of joy from contact with a life that was lived close to God.'

"'She was not constantly trying to forget self,—she never remembered self.'

"'She was always ready to enter into our good times, and to help us.'

"'To no one did the beautiful side of life appeal more strongly. Yet she met the sordid things in the cities, where she worked, with patient sympathy and tender love.'

"'She always saw the good so strongly that there was no place for the bad.'

"'As Christmas draws near, many a home will miss her cheery letter. She remembered all her friends.'

"'At first I could not see how her life could be spared. And then I knew that those who loved her would find in her memory a baptism into Christlike service.'

"'She knew all kinds of girls, understood all kinds, loved all kinds. Her energy, her

practicality, her unresting urging on of good, the fire of her faith, made her verily an instrument in the hands of God.'

"'She has left no shadow, but a radiance in the minds and hearts of those whom she helped to a more joyous and clear understanding of the meaning of life. She herself had gained the spirit of the Christ-life and knew how to guide others to share it with her.'

"The great love which she gave to those whose lives touched hers,—the human love which reveals the divine,—was the power in all her work. Out of that love came the brave good cheer with which she met the failure of her purpose to go to a foreign field, —a service which had seemed to her the most perfect fulfillment of discipleship. Yet, although that purpose failed of accomplishment, it consecrated all the work which took its place.

"All this richness of life she brought to her two years' secretaryship in the Christian Association. Tolerant as she was steadfast, sympathetic as she was zealous, untiring as she was patient, she worked and prayed unceasingly that in the college which she loved

might come a vision of Christ, in whose service she had taken up the task. She regarded the work as a great privilege. It concerned not alone the girls in college, but the faculty, the alumnæ, the trustees and all other friends. To them she felt herself responsible as for a trust, fulfilled by bringing them all into touch with the work, carrying from them to us the inspiration of their interest.

"She was ever such a messenger, receiving strength from some one who had it for some one who needed it, bringing to those who were sad the happiness of those who were joyous.

"Surely she would be willing to have us remember certain words of hers: 'So often I feel how utterly unworthy I am of the position that you have asked me to try to fill. You don't know how often I say, "I am but as a child, and I know not how to come in nor go out," but I am trying to leave it all with God and to trust Him to fit me for it. I have been thinking very much of Jesus Christ these days, of His tenderness and love and simplicity and humility. And the thought that some day we shall be like Him

is the most wonderful of all thoughts to me, and one that I don't believe I can ever realize, but which I love.'

"It is the most perfect season of the year for her to pass into a fuller life, a closer walk with God. With this season we shall always associate her,—Christmas, the day of happiness, the birthday of Christ."

Professor Irving Wood, of the Department of Biblical Literature, wrote for the same issue of the *Monthly*, an estimate of Alice's influence and work as secretary, from the point of view of one of her teachers:

"If one speaks of the memory of Alice Jackson from the point of view of the members of the faculty who knew her best, it will be only a repetition in another form of what her student friends might say; for she did not have different sides of her nature for different classes of people. She was a very exceptional woman. There was, first, her gloriously strong personality, with which she was dowered by nature. Then there was her tremendous activity. It overflowed into all possible fields. While she was busy with college work, she was also laying plans for mission study in the Christian Endeavour

Societies of the churches of Northampton and vicinity. That is only an example of her energy for work. But all this was not done merely for the sake of doing things. She cared primarily about people. Very few persons of her age had and kept more attachments to people of all sorts than she. Even the children of the families of her acquaintance had a remembrance at Christmas. Whether working girls or college graduates, she seemed never to forget any one with whom she came in contact. There was nothing she would not do to help any one. She very often came to her friends on the faculty with problems, but they were seldom her own. They were the problems of some one else, whom she wanted to help. But one felt in it all that her entire activity was controlled by one motive, the will to do the will of God. Her religion was very unassuming and anything but self-confident. To those who were officially connected with her secretaryship in the association she often spoke modestly of the imperfections of her work, as she saw it; but she never spoke despondently. It was a happy religion,—just a happy, wholesome, human life, filled with all

the fun and work that it could hold, and all of it alike religious. She had her sorrows and her disappointments, and they were very keen, but she never talked of them. She laid aside the things she would gladly have done but could not, and turned with greater energy to what she could do, and did it joyously for Christ's sake. She has shown us how the love of Christ can be translated into a present day human life; and we are the richer for her memory."

No girls were left out of Alice's thought and planning, and she sought especially, and with the most tactful sympathy, to help the Roman Catholic girls. In this she had the cordial help of Father Gallen of the Roman Catholic Church in Florence, a village near Northampton. Father Gallen has written, with warm Christian sympathy, of his impressions of her and his estimate of her work:

"I was very much interested in the work of Miss Alice Jackson while she lived in Northampton. Her purpose to unite the active elements engaged in Christian work to the end that effective results might be better attained, and energies conserved instead of wasted, seemed to me, a member of

the Catholic body, a most admirable undertaking. She seemed to realize that all true followers of Christ agree in the essentials of what constitutes holy living, and that such agreement was really all that was necessary to create in any community a working force for virtue.

"She found in the college girls trained to high ideals a generous enthusiasm that prompted them to give freely of their efforts towards any project that promised the uplift of humanity. These young women found themselves full of the desire to accomplish something consistent with highest purpose, but as so often happens, they were without a master of the vineyard to make their labour useful. They needed some one like to themselves, who would mark the way by leading, who could organize and direct, yet never usurp the supreme leadership which always belongs to Christ.

"From my knowledge of the splendid results that followed years of self-sacrificing labour, I am convinced that the Christian workers of Smith College found the leader they needed so much in the person of Miss Alice Jackson. She enabled them to direct their best energies with good results in a

spiritual way to themselves and others. All the churches benefited by her work, and especially my own. She sent me teachers for the Sunday-school,—faithful, self-denying college girls. The distance from the college to my church is two miles, and some of these girls, because of our early services on Sunday, were forced to leave their houses before the breakfast hour and to fast until noon. The college students who combine the higher learning with the higher Christianity cannot be far from the ideal of perfection.

"I have always felt that Alice Jackson had splendid natural powers for Christian work. She was most gentle, yet persistent, in pursuing her object. In voice and manner there was a sympathetic quality so winning as to be irresistible. There seemed to be a perfect consonance between her charming personality and the beautiful teachings of the Master she served and loved so well. However, I like to think that her great success in her life-work was due to the grace supernatural, bestowed by a loving Father in the light of whose Presence I trust she may ever dwell."

The love borne her by the Roman Catholic students is attested by the beautiful copy of

Edward Clifford's portrait of Father Damien, which now hangs in the Students' Building with an inscription saying that it has been placed there by them in her memory. The two personal treasures which Alice always had with her were a little framed picture of Father Damien and a verse from Robert Browning's Epilogue to "Asolando." The heroic peasant priest who in the leper settlement of Molokai "made the charnel-house life's home" and "matched love with death" was her daily inspiration and call to service.

The other tangible witness to the value placed upon Alice's effort is the "Alice Jackson Memorial Fund," being raised by Smith College students and devoted to the carrying on of the Smith College Association for Christian Work among the undergraduates. Continuance of work seems the most fitting tribute to her who found inspiration in Browning's ideal,

"Who never turned his back but marched breast-forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Alice was a thorough student of the conditions in which she worked. She adapted herself eagerly to the facts as she found them, but it was with a large desire to understand them thoroughly and to press on to better things. There is a paper which she wrote in reply to a series of inquiries, which sets forth her judgments on a number of questions vital to the religious life of college students. Some parts of her replies may be quoted as representing her convictions on some of the fundamental problems of college life:

"'What are the chief obstacles to religious life in the women's colleges?

"In Smith,—1st. The busy every-day life. Some of the girls feel that they have not time for daily Bible study and prayer. They feel that other parts of the college life need more attention. 2d. College societies and honours, which add to an already busy life. This is an obstacle which belongs to only a few. Some of us belong to a good many societies. I'm speaking from a personal point of view now, because I think it better to do so. While in college I belonged, and do now, to most of the societies then in existence. They demanded a large amount of

time. I felt that I must be present at all their meetings and must give the best I had to each one. It is hard to resign from a society. I hope it will not be so long, for I think that we give to some of them time and strength which would be better expended in some other direction. On the other hand, the societies themselves ought to be a training for Christian Association work. If we would put into it the time and strength that we put into them, we would accomplish very much more. A third obstacle is Indifference. This is not as great as it used to be. 4th. And this I consider the greatest of all. We are content with the good, and so let the best slip from us. We seek the ethical rather than the spiritual; we emphasize a moral rather than a religious life. I believe it is true at Smith that 'the greatest enemy to the best is the good.' 5th. The fear of not appearing broad. We dread the idea of narrowness, so we acquiesce when we should not. We do not talk enough about Christ. We are content to think that showing Him in our lives is enough and half the time we don't even do that. I should think that this must be a decided stumbling-block to some girls who

do not believe in Him. We are recognized in our little college world as Christians, and we apparently don't care enough about Christ to talk about Him. We may say that we don't do it because our love for Him and our knowledge of His love for us is the deepest thing in our life, but we know, and they know, too, that is not the real reason, which is—a selfish fear. It's cowardly, and they and we know it. 6th. We are too apt to wish to appear all-rounded, and so to over-emphasize the other parts of college life,—the social and the intellectual and the athletic. If we fail to reach all girls it is not because we are not 'all rounded': it is because we offer to them less than the best.

"'What is the prevailing attitude in the women's colleges among the students as to the Bible and prayer and the divinity of Christ?

"In Smith we have 1,000 girls in college. I do not believe that more than 500 read their Bibles for devotional purposes daily. (And this is a very large number. In thinking it over I don't believe that very many girls read their Bibles daily: I think a larger number intend to do so.) In my own four years at

college I don't believe, except for the required Bible work (and I did not do it much for it) that I ever thought of reading it, and I did not because it did not occur to me to do so. I'm sure I don't know why, for this certainly was contrary to my home training. I believe, however, there are many girls here who go through the same experience. I do not believe, however, that any girl could say now that 'it had not occurred to her to read her Bible for devotional reasons.' Every girl in college has been told in detail this year individually (for the most part) about the student Bible classes, which have for their distinct aim a daily systematic study of the Bible, striving to teach one to depend upon daily Bible study and to make it a habit of life.

"'Prayer.' Most girls, I believe, pray each day. Some, I believe, thoughtlessly. But there is a growing belief in the power of prayer. Many of us are growing daily to believe that we simply could not live without it, and that it is the solution of all problems. We have prayer circles among the alumnæ and in the college. Our week of prayer meant more to the college than any other

part of the association work has done this year. Many of us believe that the busier the day and the more difficult the problem that we have to meet, the greater the need of prayer.

"'The Divinity of Christ.'

"Many of the girls do not believe in the divinity of Christ. Many who have come to college believing it, question it, but the majority of these come out all right in the end. The question of the divinity of Christ comes up almost every year. I believe this is due not only to the college life and trend of thought (though it is due largely to this) but also to the spirit of the time. I have had letters from and talks with several people during the last two or three years, who represent almost every side of life, asking me to tell them definitely what I believe in regard to Christ, and especially as to His divinity. It seems to me that the one and sole aim of the Christian Association should be to emphasize the divine Christ, and if we fail to do so, we fail in our commission. We have too many prayer-meetings here with such subjects as 'Sincerity.' What we need is 'Jesus Christ.'

"'Is there any positive sin in the women's colleges that is a bar to religious life and power?'

"I've heard it said that a few of the girls tell lies in order to prolong their vacations and so on. I've never seen any such case and the popular sentiment is against it.

"We do not keep Sunday as we should. It is made too much of a social day, too much studying is done on it. We are trying hard to have a change come through popular sentiment.

"The prevailing sin in a women's college is selfishness and short-sightedness. We look too much to the present. We try to crowd into these four years much that will mean much to us personally, and we leave eternity out,—crowd it out of our thoughts.

"'What are the chief temptations of women students?'

"Ambition. We wish to achieve much intellectually and socially. We like to be popular and so we let little things slide which we ought not to countenance. We put off deciding questions that we ought to decide 'until after we graduate,' if they are unpleasant or make us uncomfortable. We crowd

our days with so many things that we say we have 'no time' to think of them. We are never alone. We won't give ourselves the opportunity of quietly thinking things out and facing questions of duty. We tell ourselves that after college we shall have time and leisure for such things. At the close of college positions that please and tempt us are offered to us and we take them, rather than others which would not appeal so much at first sight. I'm sure that if I had not really the desire to go on the foreign field, I should have accepted some such positions that are offered from time to time, and should comfort myself with the thought that if they did not call for distinctly religious work, they would achieve good somehow or other. My actual desire to be on the foreign field has been my own personal safeguard. But many have not this desire, and so they let themselves drift into other kinds of work. If we all of us here could only learn to face questions as they come, honestly and fairly, instead of putting them off, I'm sure we would achieve more. We know the needs of the world, we realize our own privileges, but we love ourselves and our comfort too much,

THE SCHOOL GIRL

and we will not let ourselves be troubled by thoughts which we think or pretend to think are 'Unnecessary.'"

Throughout her two years as secretary at Smith, Alice kept constantly in mind her missionary purpose. She thought of plans of going to the foreign field in ways which would not involve loss to the Missionary Board through her early death, and which would enable her to determine, experimentally, whether she could endure the climate and do the work. If it was shown that she could, she would then ask appointment. Even the doctors' frank words to her could not destroy her hopes. The following letters, written in 1903 to a friend in the Presbyterian Board, will show what passed in her mind:

"This is to tell you that I have decided not to go to China next year and also not to go to the Mountain Whites. I have been asked definitely to go to Miss Jewell's school in Shanghai, and she has told me that should I be all right at the end of the year, and should the Board feel that I am capable of doing any of its work, I might resign in its favour. I have hoped very much that it

would be right for me to do this. But it is not,—this year, at any rate.

" Dr. Bovaird told me that I could not live very many years,—or months, I think he said,—in either place. I think I should go just the same, if I were not convinced that it would bring great sorrow to mother and injure her, perhaps, physically. In every other way it seems to me that the great need of China would justify me making the experiment. Please do not think that by saying this I mean that I am big or good enough for China, because I realize very keenly that I am not, but the need (if better people cannot go) justifies to me almost any experiment.

" I did not tell Dr. McAfee that I wished to go into the home work, because I understood from him that he had more applications than positions, and I shall never be willing to fill a position that some one else can fill better.

" I believe that foreign missions have become a part of my life now, and it does not seem to me (unless I find it is a wrong desire) that I shall ever give up the hope of going. But I never shall feel justified in

filling any position that some one else can fill.

"I have never mentioned either of these two places at home because I knew that I must first decide for myself, and that by prayer, and then I felt that should I decide not to go, it would only be selfish to keep the family in suspense.

"I am not going to write or talk to you again about going out on the foreign field. When I find that I have the right to go I will tell you, if I may, and in the meantime, I am going to do all that I can to grow better physically, mentally and spiritually, so that if the time ever comes, I may have a better preparation.

"Now may I thank you again for all the time you have given to me. I feel so sorry that I have taken it so many times, and I should not have done so had there not always been the hope, as there is still, of going.

"Please do not answer this letter. It surely is one that needs no answer."

"I asked Dr. Bovaird on Saturday if he thought that I should ever be absolutely well again, and he said no. I asked him

that because I want to do what is most honest, and if you think it best to take my name from the list of candidates of the Presbyterian Board, will you please do so? I know Dr. Bovaird does not think that I shall ever go on the foreign field. Somehow or other I do, and so I am going on in just the same way to try to be most fully prepared when the time comes to go. If you think that it is best to take my name off now, I'll apply again when that time comes.

"I don't know exactly what to do about taking my name off the volunteer list. On the one hand I feel that I may be harming the cause by having it there, and not going, and on the other, if I take it away I'm afraid some people will think that it is because I don't care to go. I don't mind for myself, but I do for the cause. Somehow or other I do seem to know so very many people who do not know any other person who is interested in missions except myself. I'm going to think this over and find out what is right to do.

"Please do not answer this letter, but please do just what is best about taking my name off the list, and when I come home in the summer I'll find out what you have done.

It does not seem to me now as if I could or shall ever give up the hope of going.

"Mr. Jays spoke to us last night and several of the girls are thinking of the foreign field. I wish that I did more for the Volunteer Movement. I do so little, and I don't know exactly how to do more."

"I've heard again from the school of which I spoke to you in Shanghai, and they have told me that the question of my health need not stand in the way of my going there. When I wrote, I said it was very doubtful whether I could go. If I could, it would not be for another year, and if after a year there I had proved that physically I could stand the climate, etc., that I should wish to be transferred to the Board if you still needed me. I shall, of course, do nothing definite until I've seen you and until I've talked it over with the family, which I'm afraid I have no right to do this summer.

"I'm enclosing some questions which I'm sending to the incoming class, together with a letter describing some of the Association work. Each one will also have a letter from some other girl in college, a report of the

last year's work and a handbook giving the constitution of the Association. I have the names of two or three hundred girls already who are to enter, and more will be sent in August.

"Every day now brings many letters from alumnæ and undergraduates expressing their interest in the work, and so in looking forward to next year there can be nothing but hope and trust."

The questions which she enclosed were the following:

"*The Smith College Association for Christian Work.*

"What church (denomination) do you attend?

"Are you a member?

"Do you belong to a Young People's Society?

"Are you an officer or a member of any committee?

"Do you take any active part in its meetings?

"Are you a member of any Bible Class?

"Have you ever been on a missionary committee or helped with any missionary meeting?

"Have you done any philanthropic work in your town or city?

"In what branch of your home (church or city) work are you most interested?

"What is the name and address of your pastor and of the president of your Young People's Society?

"Will it be possible to plan that a letter be written by you each year to your church or Young People's Society, telling of the Christian Association work of the college, and also that one be written by the church or society to you, telling of its work?

"What will your college address be?"

She herself wrote by hand a special letter to each of the new students who came to Smith in the fall of 1903. The next year she decided that she ought not to remain longer than the two years. In January, 1904, she wrote to one of her older sisters:

"For a long time I have been feeling that I may not come back here next year. I have felt that some one of a different type may appeal better. The people in college do not think so, but the question of the limit of this position has come up and it ought to be two years,—so very likely I shall not come

back. The plans that I had thought of for next year are not to be mine, because of my health. I had thought of the Mountain Whites. As to a position,—I think that I shall find one and shall not decide on anything until Easter time."

The college wished her to stay, and when she decided that she could not, Professor Wood wrote to her:

"The Advisory Committee wish me to convey to you what I am sure each has expressed in a less formal way, our very great appreciation of your work with the Association. The fact that we wished so strongly to keep your services for another year speaks for our appreciation. We believe that you have in all things tried to do what seemed best for the work. We feel that you have done just what was needed at that particular juncture in our history; and we are glad we could have your labours.

"Trusting the wisdom and the love of God to guide your future, as it has your past, I am, etc."

While she was at Smith College as secretary, she saw repeatedly the physician who had disapproved of her going out as a for-

eign missionary, and after one of her interviews with him she wrote in the spring of 1903 to the Student Volunteer Movement:

"For the last two weeks I have been anxious to write you about my volunteering. When I volunteered in 1900, I felt that I should very likely be able to go on the foreign field soon, but I have been unable to do so on account of health. Last Christmas I talked things over with my doctor (Dr. David Bovaird, the examining physician of the Presbyterian Board) and the opinion that he held was that I probably never could go. Two weeks ago he told me that I very likely shall never be any better.

"I still believe that I shall go to the foreign field, however. I wrote one of the secretaries to see whether he thought that it would be best to take my name from the lists of candidates, and he has told me that the Board is willing to let my relation to it remain unchanged.

"I've often wondered whether it is right for me to be counted a volunteer. I'd rather be a volunteer than anything except a missionary, but if it is hurting the cause to have me counted as one and stay 'at home,' I should rather have my name taken from the

list and volunteer again when there is more actual prospect of my going.

"I don't know myself which will do the most harm,—to have my name enrolled among the volunteers or to take it off. Like all other volunteers, I suppose, I've lots and lots of friends all over the country who know about missions only to the extent that I want to be a missionary, and unless I could explain to them why I did not continue to be a volunteer they would think that I no longer cared about it or, more likely, had chosen to stay at home to work. On the other hand, there is always the cry that people volunteer and don't go. Dr. Root advised me at Christmas time not to withdraw my name. I have not written her the doctor's last opinion.

"Will you please (without considering my personal desires) let me know which course you think is best for me to pursue to harm least the Volunteer Movement? I am sorry to bother you about this, but it seems more honest to write the situation."

She was advised to let her name remain on the rolls of the Movement, and was willing to do so. But her conscience kept the matter in view.

In the fall of 1903 the Rev. Harlan P. Beach wrote complimenting her on the success of a missionary conference at Smith, attended by delegates from the colleges and schools in the Connecticut Valley. She was never willing to take any credit for successful work which she could possibly pass on to others, and she wrote in reply:

"Please do not think the success of the conference was in any way due to me. Mr. Kilborne (who had charge of the conference) thought of it and called a meeting of representatives from each college to talk it over last spring. The real success, I think, came as a direct answer to prayer first, and second, from the help and inspiration given by the speakers.

"I do not think that any of us feel that we have done anything for which we should receive any credit, but we all do feel the happiness and the thankfulness that have come through the inspiration of the conference. I am writing this note because I hate to think that you think that any of the credit of the conference belongs to me. It does not even in the slightest degree. Please don't acknowledge this note. I should not

have written it if I thought you would, or that it would add one more to the many letters you must receive daily.

"Thank you again so much for your kind letter."

She left Smith in June, when the college closed. "Her presence," wrote the head of the house where she had lived during her secretaryship,—"Her presence was like sunshine in the house, and the thought that she would return to us sometimes was a source of joy. Her one thought was of helping others." It was indeed ever and only that. Those who knew her best can bear convincing testimony. They recall her loving unselfishness to little children, her utter self-forgetfulness in giving help whenever men or women or little ones needed help. And never, amid all the sweetest memories of their lives, will they forget the silver ripple of her laughter or the golden radiance of her glorious hair around and above a face where strength and a beauty all her own and as true love as ever shone from any eyes, were mingled together.

VI

HER SUMMERS AND HER CORRESPONDENCE

IN the summer Alice went to the Young Women's Conference at Silver Bay, where she had gone often with the Smith delegation and where she did as much for the young women from other and smaller institutions as she did for her own. In the statement regarding religious conditions in the women's colleges which has been already quoted, she wrote: "I think it would be well to give the representatives from the smaller colleges the best rooms and the best accommodations in every way at the summer conferences. If any delegations must be scattered let those of the larger colleges be the ones." Watchful always for those who were being overlooked, she arranged meetings for the waitresses and servants whose work kept them out of the meetings. She was ever looking for the present opportunity. Her longing for China made her

only the keener and more eager to do all that she could for those who were near at hand. This summer she went, also, to the Young Women's Conference at Northfield, and then on for a rest with friends at Diamond Pond, New Hampshire. There, as everywhere, she found people to be loved and ways of helping them, and rejoiced all the more in the beauty of the lakes and the balsam and birch forests and the clear, uplifting air, as she wished that others might share them with her. She found these golden days, too, for her correspondence. She was the most tireless letter-writer. At Christmas time she wrote to scores of friends,—little personal notes that they treasured as their best possessions, and throughout the years she kept in touch with friends in all situations in life whom she had met and whom she held and cheered. There was one Roman Catholic girl whom she had come to know at Smith, to whom she wrote regularly letters of comfort and courage. The acquaintance had begun before the girl came to college. Alice had written to her one of the letters already mentioned as having gone to all incoming students. This was the letter:

"My dear Miss ———:

"It was so nice a short time ago to hear that you are coming to Smith College this autumn, and we shall all be very glad to welcome you there.

"You will enjoy the college life, I am sure. It is so informal and we do have so many jolly times together.

"A little later in the summer (if you have not already received them) you will receive a copy of our Christian Association report for last year and a handbook giving its constitution and an account of some of the other sides of the college life. I do hope that there will be something in the Christian Association that will appeal to you. Its work is very varied and there is a great deal of it, for besides the Bible and Mission Study Classes, which we have, we do a great deal of extension work in and about Northampton.

"I am enclosing some questions, which I am going to ask you to be kind enough to answer and to return to me this summer.

"I shall be in Northampton at 9 Belmont Avenue on and after September 19th, and Miss Van Kleeck, the president of the association, will return to the Tyler House the

day before. If at any time, and in any part of the college life, I can be of the least help please let me, for it will be such a pleasure."

The reply indicated that the newcomer was a Roman Catholic, so Alice wrote again a personal friendly letter.

When the new student came Alice at once took her into her heart. When her health broke down under the effort of self-support in college, Alice's love came to her assistance, and when later she went West and for a long time suffered in a hospital, Alice's letters brought her ever new courage and also sometimes the material help which always accompanied Alice's love for any whom she could help, and which if her own resources were exhausted she could always command from some of her friends. Thus she wrote:

"Don't begin to work too soon, dear. Give us the pleasure of feeling that you are resting a little longer and then you really will grow stronger. I am going to ask you to do a big and a hard thing, and that is to send me word about any lack of money, a week or two before you think it will give out.

"You are a dear, brave girl, and I love you for it, as well as for yourself."

"The girls at Smith are anxious to give you a Christmas present, and they have just sent me a check for $116 for you. Will you please send me your address so that I can send it at once to you? I am so happy about it, dear child, and I hope that for a few months, at least, you will not work, but take a real solid rest."

To this friend she wrote one of her letters from Diamond Pond:

"I hate to think of you as suffering, and so many, many times I have longed to bear some of it for you. One of my sisters has been very ill this summer, and that, with many other unexpected events, has kept me from writing to some of my friends as often as I have wished to do. And yet there is always so much time each day when one thinks lovingly of them. And very often my thoughts turn lovingly to the dear friend who has taught me how much beauty may come into a life 'though suffering.' Sometimes when I feel the need of physical strength most, it seems to me that the strength of God is most with me. And you, so much more fully than I, have learned that lesson. . . .

"Write me whenever you feel like doing

so, dear. My time is much more my own now, and you know I am always deeply interested in all of your plans. I have just renewed my stamp supply and am going to put a few of them in this letter. You had better address everything to Englewood, N. J., for I shall not be here long. This is such a beautiful spot above the White Mountains. I do wish that you might share it with me."

Even these quotations give a very inadequate idea of the ministry of Alice in her notes and letters. On railroad trains and in the spare minutes of a visit to friends she would find time to write, and her little messages came to burdened or perplexed or lonesome hearts, just in their time of need.

VII

IN THE WELFARE WORK AT LUDLOW

IN the fall of 1904 Alice went to Ludlow, Massachusetts, as secretary of the Welfare Work of the Manufacturing Associates. The factories made coarse textiles and employed 2,000 people, mostly unskilled foreign labour and largely women and children. The company had built and owned most of the village streets, also the water and electric light service. They had some 300 houses, mostly single cottages with small grounds about them. The town authorities managed the schools, which contained over 600 children; but no instruction was given in cooking or sewing. The village had a beautiful library, containing a reading-room and some 3,000 carefully selected books. There was a well-organized men's club, using an old mill building for headquarters and with a large athletic field. Of the women's work a statement of the conditions, which was furnished Alice, said:

"The women's club has temporary quarters in an old office building; and the women also use the vacant mill for basket-ball and athletic work; and here also are frequently held Saturday evening dances.

"There is soon to be built a large club house for the men, containing gymnasium and swimming-pool, both of which will be reserved for the women and children at certain times. An addition for the women and children will be provided as soon as the management believe that the best line of work has been satisfactorily established.

"While the men's club is patronized by a large and increasing number without much regard to nationality, the women's club has become rather exclusive and does not reach the women and children most needing its influence; and this is one of the most difficult problems before the social worker, and can perhaps only be solved by beginning with the children before they leave the school; and it is here that the main work must be done. At fourteen most of the children leave school with the usual primary education, and begin work in the mills; and it is the wish of the company to supplement the school

education by interesting these children in the proper use of the library, by classes in personal hygiene, athletics, swimming, dancing and gardening. For the boys instruction as to their duties as citizens of the republic; for the girls lessons in cooking, sewing and care of the house. In short, to create out of these children of foreign parentage, citizens of the United States, men and women with sound and healthy bodies, who will enter with intelligence and interest into their village and household activities; and be acquainted with the most simple forms of rational enjoyment."

This was the work which Alice took up for the year 1904–05. All the while she was fighting her battle for health, and even for life, but with a smile so cheerful and an enthusiasm for others' interests so genuine that no one but her doctor and a few of her closest friends knew of the struggle that was going on.

To one of her sisters she wrote from Ludlow in November:

"Ludlow is a small but very pretty town. It is entirely given up to the factory. Almost every one has something or other to do with it, and to me it is very novel.

"There is a large population of Polanders,

and it is very fascinating to watch them at noon go to their work after dinner. They wear shawls, some beautifully embroidered, and then a coloured handkerchief over their heads. Large numbers live in the same house. They each buy their own piece of meat, but cook it in a common pot. Then there are Italians, French, Scotch and Irish. I can hardly understand the Scotch. One girl has the most beautiful voice. She came down the other night and sang 'Annie Laurie' and some other songs to us. I do wish that her voice might be trained.

"I had to go to Holyoke last Sunday afternoon, so I went to Northampton for the night and did have such a good time. I had to come back early the next morning, but saw a good many people in the meantime. I have so many friends in Northampton and Springfield and all through this part of the country, and though I shall not be able to go to see them, yet it is nice to feel that they are so near. Just at present I rather enjoy being alone part of each day. I rest and do my writing, and the time slips away only too quickly. I do enjoy the work, and I am really growing to know the people. . . .

"I feel one of the most beautiful lessons I have learned the last two or three years is to trust in God and not be anxious. The kind of work I have been doing since I left college has brought me so closely into touch with the sorrows and disappointments of others, and so I have had a very especial opportunity of learning that God can help and comfort, when human love and sympathy are all too small.

"You would like this quaint little town and all the pretty little houses which are being put up on it. They are using a stone that is really cement, and it will be interesting to see how the experiment works. I started this letter this morning, and now it is evening."

It was a characteristic year which Alice spent at Ludlow. Those whom she met she won and wherever any one was to be reached there she was to be found. After her death a classmate who had gone to Ludlow to give cooking classes wrote: "The whole village feels that we have lost a true friend and no one can estimate how great her influence here is. Occasionally an incident comes to light which adds to my wonder at the amount she accomplished in so short a time."

And Mr. James Henderson, with whose family she made her home in Ludlow, writes:

"Words would fail me to convey any adequate conception of what a blessing she proved to us,—a veritable Angel of Mercy, without whose ministration at that crisis in our lives [the death of a son], the burden laid on us would have seemed almost too great to be borne.

"Even her presence and her ever-cheerful companionship were in themselves a benediction, and her self-sacrificing efforts to help us when disposed to despondency were like balm to a wounded soul.

"It was a kind dispensation of Providence which sent her to Ludlow and moved Mrs. Henderson to take her into our home, little thinking what a treasure she was bringing to us, even if only for a time. Our experience with James had—soon after Alice's coming—led us to realize what her trouble was, though no word was ever spoken on the subject, and I doubt whether she had any idea that we knew,—but that was one of the determining factors when the question of a suitable home for her came up, and Mrs. Henderson made up her mind to do for her

what she would wish some kind soul to do for our boy under similar circumstances. And so she came to us and was a blessing to us from the day she first crossed the threshold.

"The Girls' Institute, as the organization was known, which had been formed for welfare work among the women and girls employed in the Ludlow mills, had a nucleus of active members and a board of directors drawn from among the employees and representative of the various nationalities, there being amongst them natives of England, Ireland, Scotland and Canada, and they were equally mixed in creed, some being Catholics, some Episcopalians, some Presbyterians, some Congregationalists, and so on, and to avoid any possible cause of offense or friction, the welfare work was necessarily conducted on strictly secular lines.

"From the beginning she set herself to bridge a chasm which seemed to have formed between the active members of the institute and women of the community outside of the mills who assumed a critical attitude towards the work of the institute and even questioned whether the girls were worth what was being

done for them, and she succeeded, to some degree, in her efforts to bring about more cordial relations.

"On her first coming, the active members of the institute, having in mind previous unpleasant experiences, were a little shy in their acceptance of her good offices, but it needed only a few weeks' intercourse with her to make every one of them—without exception—her devoted friends, and proud to be so.

"She made arrangements for the resumption of evening cooking classes for the mill employees, securing as a director for them, Miss Florence Lilly, a former college friend, who was a resident of a neighbouring city.

"Then she threw herself into the work of getting hold of the young people in afternoon and evening sewing and other classes and soon had so many of them interested that the institute rooms were taxed to contain them, and, through it all, her sweet and lovable disposition made friends of the mothers, as well as of the children, and an influence was exercised which could not be measured.

"In her efforts to reach the women and girls in the mills, she was ably seconded by

the directors of the institute, and finding that some of the employees who lived at a distance from the mills brought their dinners with them, or had them brought to them, she had the lower floor of the institute fitted with furniture and opened it as a dining-room, where the female employees could have their dinners in comfort. Not content with this, she prepared tea and coffee, and simple soups for them, at a practically nominal cost, so that they might not be confined to cold dinners. The idea met with a fair response for a time, but, strange as it may seem, the most of those who did not go home to dinner felt so reasonably comfortable in their workrooms that they hated to go to the trouble of leaving them, even for the short distance to the institute, which was quite close to the mills; so eventually the experiment was abandoned.

"In her work with women and girls in the evening she was ably assisted by a very efficient physical director, who had been giving the girls instruction in this line, as well as in reading and dramatics, for several years, and who, by her patient and tactful manner, had really been the means of holding the girls

together in the work, and was, naturally, a very great favourite with them, and the cordial and harmonious relations which were established between their two leaders, and the entire absence of anything like jealousy between them, were a source of great satisfaction to the members of the institute and of great benefit to the welfare work in which they were all interested, creating bonds of practical sympathy, and spreading most beneficent influence over all who came in touch with the work.

"The winter, spring and summer passed all too rapidly away, and, in addition to fulfilling her duties as social secretary, she gave much of her spare time to purely religious work in connection with the missionary societies of churches here and in other towns which she visited from time to time.

"In her ministrations among the families of the employees, she was particularly successful in securing and retaining their affection, and though the working conditions were such that there was no excuse for want among any of them, such occasional cases of need through sickness or improper use of their means as came within her observation

were relieved in such an unobtrusive and kindly way that much real good was accomplished.

"To some of the girls who spoke only French, or Polish, she gave lessons in English, and she applied her knowledge of French to giving instruction in it to English-speaking girls who desired to learn French.

"She never seemed to have an idle moment and had frequently to be almost compelled by friends to take needed rest. If she were not engaged with clubs or classes of some kind, she would be writing cheerful and encouraging letters to former friends, or sewing or embroidering something which, on inquiry, would be found to be for the benefit of some one else less fortunate than she thought herself; indeed her whole energy seemed to be concentrated on doing as much good as was possible with what she realized was likely to be the short span of life allotted to her, and yet all this time she was making a brave fight for what was left of it, making frequent trips to her medical adviser in New York, who finally, to our great sorrow, insisted that she give up her work here and return to her home in New Jersey, that she

might be more closely under his observation.

" As one of the directors of the Girls' Institute has ably expressed it, to meet and speak and work with her was to be lifted out of one's self and to go from her presence feeling ashamed of how little goodness one had."

Some of her letters from Ludlow to the friend to whom she had written the letter from Diamond Pond reveal her sympathies, and the last one explains her plan for the following year :

" Indeed, I do not think you a ' chronic grumbler,' but a brave, plucky girl, and one whom I love very dearly, and who I like to feel will write to me often and especially on the darker days, when everything does not seem bright. Poor little girl, I hate to think that you suffer. It is hard to work when one does not feel well. I am going to write to one or two of my friends in Chicago, who may know of a position which would not require so much physical labour.

" I often think of you, dear, and it is a very real joy, that you will write to me about

yourself. I myself am better, and am enjoying my work here among the factory girls so much. We have learned to know and love one another and they are very real friends to me.

"I received such a beautiful letter from Father Gallen a short time ago, and he sent me as a New Year's gift a manual and prayer-book of the Catholic Church.

"With very much love for the dear little friend whose courage is a great help to me and whose love a deep joy, believe me, etc."

"I am thinking of you constantly though, dear, and I think soon that we will be able to find just the right thing for you. . . .

"Do not grow discouraged, dear. It is hard when you are ill and tired, but I believe that brighter days are coming. . . .

"You know I shall always be glad to help you in any possible way. I have other plans, too, and will write you later about them."

"I am so glad about the operation and delighted that it was so successful. Now I am sure you will be much stronger and better.

Do not be distressed if you have to rest for some weeks before beginning work, and when you feel able to do so, will you send me word how long the doctor would like to have you stay in the hospital? It is hard, I know, to be sick, and the days must be very long and lonely. I have been sick myself, so I know what it feels like."

"How sorry I am that you are having so much pain. The rest will do you good, dear, if there is any rest when you are suffering. Stay in the hospital just as long as you can, and when the doctor thinks that you are well enough to come out, send me word. . . .

"Last Monday I spent in Boston, seeing some of the different forms of settlement work that they are carrying on there. I was very much impressed with the fact that that 'slum district' as I suppose it would be called (though I hate the term) is very superior to that of New York.

"The apple blossoms and the lilies and violets are all out now."

"You are such a brave child and I admire you more than I can tell you for your cour-

age. We will all try to think of just the best thing for you. At present I think you had better stay in the hospital just as long as you can. You are so absolutely sure there of the very best treatment. And that is so important just now. We do so hope that you will be finally cured. It is hard to be in the hospital, dear child, when you are so anxious to be at work, but it may mean that you will be quite well some time soon. I am going to write to one of my friends in Chicago, who will be so glad to come to see you, if she is at home. I have had a busy summer so far. I came home on the fourth of July and since that time have been to Northfield and to Atlantic City to conferences. Since I came home again I have had a good many guests and have also been busy getting a class history ready for print. I may possibly go to the White Mountains for a week or two before I go back to Ludlow. I am going there for one month only as my doctor wishes me to be in New York next winter. I am going to be there to try to start clubs in some of the factories and possibly in some of the apartment stores."

She went to Northfield again this summer,

but not to Silver Bay, and then back to Ludlow for a month. The following letters were written in September, 1905:

"Your life is such a strong, helpful one. That means suffering, for in such a real way you do carry the burdens of others."

"Death is just the going on into a life of fuller love and of fuller service. I have thought of death so often the last few weeks, and more and more it has seemed to me to be just the falling asleep, to awaken to see Christ's smile and to more really feel His touch. And there with Him one will feel no sadness, for looking on those whom they love, who are suffering so, they will see that God's arms are about them, and that out of the deepness of the sorrow, He is bringing peace. . . . I know how your heart aches, —how deep it goes, and what a long, long, weary way you must walk, before you can join the one who will always be your nearest and your dearest one. But I know that God is going to help."

"She always attributed to others the qualities which her own life abounded in," wrote the one to whom this last letter was written.

"Her belief in me made me, I know, strive for higher and better and nobler things. . . . I know that I have done a great deal because she expected me to do it, and one could not show a selfish side to one who was absolutely selfless. She had that rare quality of getting others to work and to work gladly."

VIII

IN INDUSTRIAL WORK IN NEW YORK CITY

IN the late fall she returned to New York to be under the doctor's closer care, but all the while to be busily at work also as industrial secretary for the New York City Young Woman's Christian Association. The work was among the girls in the factories in New York City and was carried on under the supervision of a little committee, but Alice was left free to develop the work in accordance with her own ideas, the aim being to improve the condition of the girls but more especially to improve the girls themselves by winning them to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Miss Louise S. Holmquist, who had charge throughout the state of the work which Alice Jackson was doing in New York City, writes:

"In every factory where she went her name is all that is necessary to give us a warm welcome as her friends. She went

regularly to three or four factories and had an evening club where there were girls from many of the industrial establishments on the West Side between 42d and 59th Streets. Her coming at the noon hour was always greeted with great happiness and she had a peculiar ability in winning the friendship of individual girls and women throughout the mills. It was especially wonderful to see how she entered into the life of those who were suffering from any need, and her work in the factories was only the smallest part of what she was able to do. She visited in the homes and hospitals and helped many a family to solve difficult problems. Until she left us she wrote faithfully to many of the girls whom she knew even slightly, and her letters were always messengers of hope and courage to those who received them.

"Her work, of course, covered the four sides of their lives as she was careful to plan for their social, physical, intellectual and spiritual needs. In the summer she spent the hot days in planning outings and every one who knew her felt that she was giving her very life to these girls who loved her and needed her so sorely."

She taught on Sundays a class in the Sunday-school of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and, of course, kept in close touch with the work at Christodora House. She was at this time chairman of the Membership Committee of the Women's University Club. She was always eager for all kinds of service, subsidiary to whatever was her main responsibility, and being in New York, beside keeping her near her doctor and giving her a great main task in the factories, also gave her the ample opportunities in which she always rejoiced for many forms of personal service. She gave no little service to Miss Grace Dodge in her work for city girls. "She once remarked to me," writes one of her sisters, "that Daniels was the only shop in New York in which she did not know some of the saleswomen, and on going there was immediately addressed as a friend by one of them. Alice felt very strongly that to her had been given the enthusiasm and ability to organize and carry on work in its early stages, work that could be well carried on by others when it was once well established. To this conviction and also in some measure to her health were due the frequent changes

in her work. She kept up with friends made and letter-writing was a large part of her daily work. She kept year by year a daily record of those to whom she had written personal letters. She always felt that the value of her work lay in her personal intercourse with others as contrasted with the service of those who work for causes rather than individuals."

The summer of 1906 Alice spent in good part at home in Englewood, where she found special ways of giving loving help to friends in need. She attended the Young Women's Conference at Northfield in July and wrote a careful summary of Deaconess Knapp's work in her Mission Study Class on Comparative Religion for the September number of the *Record of Christian Work*. In August she wrote her last letter to the friend who had dropped out of college:

"This summer I was at Northfield for two weeks, and next week am either going to Maine or to the St. Lawrence, and then am hoping to visit Margaret Bridges. I wonder if you will remember her. Her sister died very suddenly this summer.

"I cannot help hoping that you will not

go to work too soon. It is such a temptation to begin before one really has one's full strength, and you must not lose what you have gained in that way. I myself am so much better now."

IN COLLEGE DAYS

IX

AT DANA HALL

IN the autumn she went to Wellesley, with the doctor's consent, to teach the Bible and to work among the girls in Miss Cooke's School, Dana Hall. She found opportunities, of course, for meeting, also, the young women in the college. One of the college professors writes:

"My own acquaintance with her was slight, but I have rarely been so impressed by any one whom I really knew so little. Every time she came to our house I used to say: 'What a beautiful winning girl Alice Jackson is.' . . . I noticed her ease in meeting the girls, and how she drew them unconsciously into earnest conversation and held them by her own gentle earnestness. I could readily understand that she had the gift of power over people, a power that radiated from her own lovely unselfish spirit. . . . To me it seems remarkable that she should have given so definite and true an im-

ED MENNONITE
ELKHART

pression to one almost a stranger, definite and true and direct as light. . . . Such souls, like their Master, bring life and immortality to light."

Her last work was the work in Dana Hall. Letters from two of the girls there will best describe what her influence was:

"I loved her very much, and I realize more and more all the time how great a privilege it was to know her as I did,—but thoughts are sometimes hard to express! Miss Jackson was not here with us long, only from September until December, but in that short time she won the love and friendship of all who knew her. I think every one felt that she was their friend, even though they did not know her personally. She was always bright and cheerful whenever you met her, always ready with a smile and a helpful word or act. But to the girls who seemed lonely or unhappy, she was kindest of all. She knew that schoolgirls miss 'home' and she used to take them home with her in the afternoon and read or talk to them in her loving way. She always saw the good side in people and in life herself, so she could show it to us too. Some of my

happiest hours last year were spent with her in that way.

"Miss Jackson had our Junior Bible Class. Sometimes the girls do not care much for Bible Class. They think it is too much like an English recitation or any other class. But it was not so that year. Miss Jackson gave the class her own spirit,—she made it 'an hour of prayer.' The girls grew thoroughly interested and earnest. We were glad to work for her, and yet she always did most for us, and we appreciated that. On the morning of her death that class was called as usual. We were told what had happened and were dismissed. The silence in the room and the sorrow on the girls' faces spoke what was in each one's heart. They had each lost a friend. I think after all a few words of her own will speak for the rest. She led our prayer-meeting one Wednesday evening, and she took her text from the fifteenth chapter of John, the eleventh verse. She called it the 'Joy of Discipleship,' and that seemed to me her whole life. She talked to us of the deep and abiding joy of being a disciple of Christ, of loving and serving Him. I knew that she loved and served Him, and that she served

those around her, too, for His sake, for I had experienced it. Surely, too, it was an act, or many acts, of service and love to keep up a correspondence with two hundred and fifty people, as she once told me she did."

"Although Miss Jackson was at Dana Hall such a short time, her influence was felt by each of the two hundred girls. I do not think that there has ever been another teacher in the school whose personality made itself more felt, in fun as well as in the more serious things. In games of basket-ball she was referee, she took an active part in the sale held before Christmas, she was deeply interested in getting up a school paper, she had a Bible class, and of course she was a great inspiration in the Christian Association. She was interested in everything that happened in the school,—elections, plays, athletics, in fact when we talked with her we felt as if she were one of us, liking the same things and having the same interests. In everything and everywhere, she showed the same beautiful Christ spirit that made her the ideal of some of us.

"We always had a standing invitation to

take afternoon tea with her, and it was a treat indeed to go, and in the twilight gather around the little table and listen to her experiences, —both at college and in New York. One night she invited me to supper, and after talking about college and the girls one meets there, the conversation drifted to the difficulty of a girl who is not rich being with those who are, and always having to accept favours, and never being able to return them. I think I received a better insight into her character than ever before, how she associated with rich and poor alike, had the difficult task of accepting for herself, as well as that of inducing others to accept from her, and what tact and keen knowledge of human nature she possessed in order to successfully accomplish her ends. I love to think of her as I left her that night, standing in the doorway with the moon shining full on her, and her glorious hair making a halo around her face.

"She was always thinking of others and trying to do kind little things to make some one happy. The night of the Christmas sale she had some brass articles to sell, and among them were some little candlesticks, one of

which I purchased. After the sale was over she came up to me and gave me the mate to my candlestick, saying that it had not been sold and she wanted me to have it. Then again we were talking about Bible study, and I happened to say that my Bible had been destroyed and that consequently I was without one. Immediately, as if she were asking the greatest favour, she asked if she might give me another. Every day showed fresh proofs of her generosity, charity, her love for every one, and the girls overlooked by others were sure to be singled out for kindness by Miss Jackson."

Miss Cooke herself writes:

"She entered our home to accept what seemed a slight position, but we soon recognized her as a distinct power for good in our school. The Bible work took on a new interest. She evidently spent numberless hours of the most careful preparation for her weekly lesson, and her pupils often told me that they could not imagine studying the New Testament under a more inspiring teacher.

"Her relation with all the girls was one of unusually loving and helpful friendship, and her own home was constantly opened to them

in a way that they greatly appreciated. Miss Jackson came to us in the autumn, and as the Christmas season approached I found myself giving frequent permissions to the girls to visit her in the little home on the other side of the town. Sometimes it was to learn to make some pretty gift for the coming holiday, sometimes to return a book or to borrow one, and sometimes just to drink a cup of afternoon tea. In such ways she drew the girls very near to her, and having their interest and confidence found many opportunities to guide and strengthen their higher life.

"As for myself, I felt her friendship and earnest assistance from the beginning. On one occasion I brought to her a problem of school life which I felt might be solved by her wider experience in Christian Association work. She asked for a little time to think it over, and in a day or two brought me a paper most carefully written containing an interesting, helpful, and exhaustive discussion of the whole question with her own positive opinion regarding it. This unusual interest, with the most careful thought and study, seems to me one of the most pronounced

characteristics of her teaching. Above all, the reality of her vision of Christ, and the beautifully practical way in which she lived the life of her Master among us, won and held her pupils and her friends in unusual loyalty. Her withdrawal from Dana Hall brought a deeper sense of loss than the school has ever sustained. Even yet we do not talk very much about Miss Jackson, though she lives in a very vital way in our hearts. We are deeply grateful for the vision of this truly consecrated and womanly life, and for the close association for a brief season with one who, while on earth, 'tossed her arms among the stars.'"

X

THE END WHICH IS THE BEGINNING

IN December what the doctor had long anticipated came. The disease which she had courageously fought, to which she had never for one moment surrendered, closed in inexorably. Her one thought, as always, was of others. "Don't let mother know I have any pain," was her entreaty. "Don't let mother be sad." She did not realize the danger of her last illness, but thought she was suffering from some local trouble which would yield to treatment in a few weeks. This she thought would upset the plans for the family reunion at Christmas, so she begged the two sisters with whom and her mother she made her home in Wellesley, to arrange that she be placed in the hospital so that they could go to Englewood without her. She never quite understood that she was the centre of the family love and care, and that to leave her would have been impossible, even if her recovery had been certain,

but her thought, as always, was for others, and not for herself. Her suffering was not for many days, and on December 13th she entered into the great light for which she had longed, and saw in His beauty the King she had ever loved and served.

Her death was felt at once by hundreds who had known her, as a great personal loss, but also as a great personal gain and as a new and irrefutable proof of life's unendingness. Testimonies of what she had been and done came from every quarter, from rich and poor, from near and far. Those who had known her in college wrote:

"How many times I left my restless longings in her care and tried again."

"To me it was especially remarkable the way in which she appealed to and reached girls of all types,—the religious, the worldly, and the indifferent girls all loved her and were her friends.

"I never knew a person who could always find the best in every one as she could. If anything was ever said against another person, Alice was always ready to find the best qualities in that person."

"It was the first year since college that I

had had no Christmas letter from Ajax. . . . I don't believe you can read this, for I can scarcely see as I write, for though you say she would not have us grieve, how *can* we help it?"

"The beauty of Alice's spirit,—her gentleness, her marvellous generosity of understanding and sympathy, her great big love of people. Never have I known any one with greater and more unconditional unselfishness."

"Every picture of Alice which comes across my mind is one in which she was doing something for some one else, that other people knew nothing about. I simply can't count the number of things she has done for me, but as I wrote her a month or so ago, she came nearest my ideal of a saint of any one in all the world."

"Did any one ever live so near Him as she did, or was any saint of old more ready to go?"

"If ever a girl was bent on making life count to the utmost for manifesting the life and the love of the Lord Christ to every one she could touch, that was Alice."

"It seems to me that any one so good and

helpful to every one who knew her as Ajax was, is surely more needed here than in heaven. Poor old '98! We all loved her so much, and I can't think what a reunion or anything else will be like without her."

"This sorrow is shared by innumerable others whose lives Alice has touched. The whole class of '98 will feel her death keenly, for she, and she alone, made the effort to keep us in touch with one another.

"How full to the brim her life was! She accomplished more than many who live twice as long. It seems wonderful that she could so work up to the very end."

A doctor in Northampton, who also was her personal friend, wrote:

"Although I have known for some years that dear Alice might any day be taken from us,—still, she was always so oblivious of self in and for others that it was not easy to believe that the poor timid child could ever fall asleep in just that way.

"Dear Alice,—the most unselfish person I've ever known, and among the few perfectly winsome ones! I can't imagine any one who could leave so many friends to miss her, and yet to be happy because she has

taught them some of the secret of her own unselfishness."

Professor Irving Wood wrote:

"She was so full of abounding energy that one can hardly imagine her as having stopped her labour. I never have known a person of more tremendous and more unselfish activity. You know what she has been at Smith College, but I want to say it that those who do not know us so well as you do may realize that we shall value very highly her memory. She has written her name in a very sacred place on the hearts of hundreds of both students and faculty,—of hundreds that in the total become thousands. She has helped us to be better, and the world is poorer for us without the thought of her in it. She has shown a great many of these young people what religion is, and how it can rule a busy, happy, free life. She has shown us all how a person may carry a bright face with a heart that must often have been sad and troubled. Never but once did she open up to me the side of sorrow, and then she told me of mingled joy and sadness, with entire emphasis on the side of joy; and that was characteristic."

"The memory of her winsome personality and her enthusiastic self-denying Christian life will long be cherished by all who knew her," wrote President Seelye. Other professors wrote:

"Alice was as fine an example of devotion to high ideals as I have known. She will long be remembered for the work she did here. She did all her work faithfully and her memory will be revered."

"What always seemed to me especially remarkable was that she never seemed isolated, in the least out of sympathy with all sorts of people. Alice was always such a wonderfully good companion."

"It was an honour to be her teacher for a little while, and later she was with us at Smith in the bloom and sweetness of her young womanhood. I count her friendship among the treasures of my life, and the heavenly country more to be desired now that her home is there, and I think she is not far away."

Many to whom Alice's letters would no more come, thought naturally first of their loss and how they could go on without the good cheer which always came from her.

This was the thought of many of her Christodora girls.

"Oh, Mrs. Jackson," wrote one of them to her mother, "I shall miss my 'angel' so much; what she has been to me and what influence her dear sweet self has been in my life, no one can realize, and her memory and entire self shall live forever in my life. Never, never shall I forget her. I have grown to love her so dearly ever since I first met her at Christodora House about nine years ago, and she has taken such a personal interest in me, has helped me in so many, many ways, and I have looked upon her as my very dearest friend. It was always such pleasure to receive her letters, and hardly a week went by without receiving just a word or thought.

"What a blessing she was here among us all,—so self-sacrificing, never thinking of herself at all, but always for others. It has been quite a lesson.

"It has been quite a privilege to have known Miss Alice, and she shall forever be my beautiful 'angel' and my 'Guiding Star' through life. I will try very hard not to think her gone away forever."

The Mothers' Club at Christodora passed the following resolutions of sympathy with those who were nearest to Alice, and the secretary of the club transmitted them:

"Mrs. Jackson and family:

"At the last meeting of the Mothers' Club of Christodora House, the members heard with deepest concern that our heavenly Father had called to her eternal rest your lovely daughter and sister.

"WHEREAS, Most of us knew Miss Jackson well and loved her not only for her gentle and sunny disposition, but had also become endeared to her through many acts of kindness and self-abnegation.

"WHEREAS, We are indebted to her as the founder of this club, which will be a monument to her insight of the needs of the neighbourhood, it was

"*Resolved*, That we extend to you the heartfelt sympathy of thirty mothers, many of whom have been called upon to bear similar losses and know how to feel and pray for others; it was further

"*Resolved*, That we do pray that the God who doeth all things well, will show the

light of His countenance upon you and give you peace; and it was further

"*Resolved*, That we send to you a copy of these resolutions and that the same be spread upon our minutes."

And an Italian mission worker in the city wrote:

"You do not need to have me tell you what an influence Miss Alice exerted everywhere she went. You all know that,—and it may truly be said of her that though she is not present with us in a material form, she is living in the lives of many. There is no greater comfort that could come to you than the knowledge of this fact. I could not help speaking concerning her and her work to my Italian people last Sunday morning."

For all these classes no one could speak with more knowledge and sympathy and authority than Miss Grace Dodge. "It is a pleasure," wrote Miss Dodge, "to look back upon her beautiful, happy life, and I appreciate to the full what she has meant to so many hundreds of girls. They will all grieve over her going Home, and I express for them all my deep sympathy in your loss."

Among those who felt keenly Alice's going, were not a few older women to whom she had been a closer and more helpful influence than any older friends. Three of these wrote:

"After my great sorrow came to me, I felt that I was the child and dear Alice the woman, she gave me so much comfort, she wrote me such beautiful letters, and helped me to live a better life for having known her. . . . I have lost a great comforter. I know, of course, we have not *really* lost her. Just to have known her is to keep her always."

"Alice used to write me such lovely letters; she wrote me just before she was taken ill, and in the letter she wrote these two or three lines:

"'For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And he who suffers most has most to give.'

She has sent me these lines before; she was very, *very* fond of them."

"When I knew her but slightly, I was surprised to find myself turning to her, instead of an older friend, in my first real sorrow. I

have never ceased to be thankful; for the impulse, the strength, comfort and wisdom of her loving words help me still."

There were men who had known her glory of character and watched her heroic struggle. One wrote:

"Her ability to bear suffering without giving the slightest manifestation of it, seemed superhuman, as indeed it truly was. Her Christ never left her.

"To me her life is the most wonderful demonstration of what Jesus Christ can do with a person when He has absolute right of way, that I have ever seen."

And another:

"If there is greater joy and larger life and a sure reward for any of us human beings in the next life, she certainly is having it now. Indeed, of no one whom I know that has died am I more confident than of her, that she is living still, living a fuller life in the companionship of the Father and of Jesus and of other departed ones. Of Miss Alice Jackson I feel more confident than of almost any other friend whom I know, that over and above the advantage to herself in having entered the heavenly life, her actual service to

this world has not finished, but that she will continue to do much for those here whom she loved, perhaps even more. You and her other sisters and her mother and her friends will come to know more of what she already accomplished in loving service, and I believe we will love her more tenderly and actually be helped by her in our daily life more effectively than ever before. Sad as it is to be parted from her and for the world to be deprived of her bodily service, I know of no one, it seems to me, for whom the joy and satisfaction are more exceeding.

"To me, as to many others, she has been verily a Christ, an Appointed One, an Anointed One, revealing the Father, interpreting Jesus, helping to the divine life through the Holy Spirit.

"Her service has by no means ended. In other lives made more Christlike by her contact, she is still living; through them her ministry is continuing."

And Dr. Bovaird, who had been her physician and friend from the day she came to him for examination as to her fitness for missionary service, writes:

"I can hardly express my opinion without

using language which may, to those who never knew her, seem extravagant. However, I shall make the trial.

"My knowledge of her dates back to the time when defeated in the desire of her heart to go as a missionary to China, she had to face the duty of going on with her work here while suffering from the disease which ultimately brought such an untimely end to her life. At first there was a hope that she might possibly throw off her trouble and be able, in the end, to carry out her purposes, but as time went on with very little change in her condition, it became evident that even that hope was vain. Briefly put, the circumstances under which I came to know Alice Jackson, far from being favourable, were such as would test, to the limit, the character and will of any one. All this is said only to make it clear that my appreciation of the beauty of her character did not take its colour from the chance influence of the conditions under which it was developed.

"During all the years I knew her she was the same active, earnest, faithful, but above all joyous woman, radiating sunshine as

naturally as the flowers. To see her smile or hear her laugh always brightened a day. To be sure, there did come times when the strain on both body and mind, the disappointment of all her hopes, would bring unbidden tears to her eyes, but they were always dashed away and the smile that followed seemed all the brighter. I have known stoics who could meet adversity with courage, the resigned who could bear trial without complaint, but I have never known any one who could so smile in the face of the keenest trials that men or women know.

"Others will tell of her work from various standpoints. The marvel to me was that she should work at all, yet the fact was that she was never idle. The very intervals of travel or waiting were filled with some activity,—and she would not consent to give up work even when she knew that physically it might help her. Hard work for others seemed to be the real pleasure of her life.

"Her laughter and smiles did not come from lack of knowledge of the things that make many sad. Her work brought her into contact with the hard features of poverty, and the scars and deformities of evil were

not unknown to her. Nor did she lack sympathy with those who suffer. Somewhere in her heart there was a well-spring of peace and joy that made the hard places smooth, the dark ways brighter, and the end of all things good.

"Twenty years ago I spent a summer in the eastern part of Oregon in a part of what used to be called the Great American Desert. There rain falls only once in a year or two and the heat of summer is intense. In mid-July I was called upon to make a day's journey over the mountains that separate the middle and south branches of the John Day River in search of supplies for the party with which I was then hunting fossils in those parts. There was no road, and the trail was covered with boulders. Jolting over them would have tried one under the best of conditions. At that season, with the sun burning in a cloudless sky, the heat made the very air palpitate and the journey tried one's endurance thoroughly. Late in the afternoon, having crossed the summit of the mountains, we rapidly made our way down the side, my companion and I shaken and parched into suffering silence. Finally we reached the valley and saw at a distance

the wood-lined banks of the river, where we knew there would be some relief. Hurrying towards it we suddenly slipped over the edge of a little ridge, descended a short slope and entered a bit of road entirely overarched by a growth of willow and wild roses. But a little distance in we pulled up at a clear little stream where both horses and men could drink and revive. So long as I live I can never forget the welcome shade from the burning sun, the fragrance of the cool air which had caught the sweetness of both flowers and water, and finally the draught of the clear stream itself. Beside the thought of that spot with its welcome shade, the sweetness of the air, and its clear, cool waters, stands the memory of Alice Jackson. She had a mind and heart that left just such an impression upon one. A sweeter, truer Christian woman I never expect to meet."

From far-off China one woman wrote: "She was one of my saints; and she had such a rare combination of character. She was so brave, so loving, so true, and she had the widest love and charity for other people."

XI

HER OWN INTERPRETATION OF LIFE AND DEATH

SO she passed on, leaving behind her this trail of glory. The Wednesday after her death would have been her birthday. It was her birthday, only not here but in a far fairer country. There, beyond all the pain and limitation against which she strove bravely here, she began the blessed service of eternity. We may be sure her coming in was as Valiant for Truth's when the Holy Pilgrimage was done. "My sword," said he, "I leave to him that comes after me in my pilgrimage, my courage and skill to him that can get it, my marks and scars I carry with me to be witnesses that I have fought His battles who is now to be my rewarder. So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

But what she was and what death meant to her, some of her own simple verses tell us better than any borrowed words. Her

own life fulfilled the lines which she wrote about another for one Christmas Day.

Her life was one of sweet simplicity.
Forgetting self, unconsciously each day,
She taught the lesson of that sweet denial,
The joy of those who on the altar lay
Their lives—to take them up again for others,
Who to the world deep joy and gladness bring,
Fulfilling by their daily lives the message
Which on the Christmas morn the angels sing.

The "Harmony" of which she wrote in the little book of college verses called "Cap and Bells" was never in any life more sweetly present than in hers:

His life was one of quietness,
No mighty field of action had he sought.
Yet even as the silence of the evening hour
The most sublime of harmonies has wrought,
The harmony of night,
So, too, his heart,
Touched by the great musician of all life,
Sang its own part
In the great song of songs,
The Song of Love.
Men heard the music in their hearts,
Echoed again the soft low strain,
Yet hearing it, they could not tell
From whence it came.

Through all the shadows of her way her own faith saw the Light of God. Of "Evening," she had written:

A golden pathway, stretching forth
From earth to heaven,
Whereon, at even-tide, the prayers of many
Ascend unto the very throne of God.

Darkness descends,—the sun fast sinks to rest.
And o'er the world a gray cloud
Hangs outstretched
To fold all light and brightness in a close embrace.

Then from above, the great Father of all light and truth
Looks down and sees the earth in her distress,
And showers on her
The radiance of other worlds.

So, too, through life—darkness is not supreme,
But still subservient to the light,
The clouds but come
To vanish in the dawn of waking day.

And it was Christ who made her sure of this:

We do not know, dear, where
The path on which our feet must stray
Shall lead, nor yet if dark and lonely be the way.

But this we know,
That night shall be as day,
With Christ as guide.

We do not know just where
This heart of yours and mine
Shall, round the Cross, its tendrils deep and close
entwine.
But this we know,
That branches of the Vine
Shall share His peace.

And this we know,
That whatsoe'er it be,
Our hearts shall ever full of joy and gladness be,
Filled with a deep consuming love,
O Christ, for Thee,
Who gives us all.

And so death, of whose near coming she had long known and thought, had no terror for her quiet trust. She saw through it and beyond. About her father she had written:

They say that he is dead,
And yet to me
He is not dead. I ever seem to see
The same familiar form, to hear his voice
Speak sweetly as of old.

They say that he is dead,
They take me to his grave,
And standing there, they wonder
Why I do not grieve
For him as dead —— They do not understand,
He has not gone to some far distant land
But dwelleth here to-day.

They say that he is dead,
And yet to me he is not dead.
I ever seem to see into the past from whence he came,
Into the future, whither he has gone.
He is not dead to me, but closer than before.

And to whom, but to herself, was she speaking in some other lines?

Thou would'st not die, dear?
Thou would'st live forever
Here in this world?
Seeking the joy that comes without sorrow,
Living to-day, with no thought of the morrow,
Thus, would'st thou live, dear?

Knowest thou not, dear,
That death is but life
In fuller measure?
The life of all love, where there is no sorrow,
Of one long, sweet day with no dread of the morrow?
Why fear then to die, dear?

She could not have refrained from thinking thus for years on what she knew would not be far away, but no one ever found even the shadow of anything unreal in her. No unnatural moods rested upon her. To the end the sunshine of God lightened her life, for she knew that He was and she walked with Him, even as she sang:

I cannot tell what life may be,
I have not walked those paths untrod,
But this I know, that come what may
Life is,—and God is God.

I cannot tell what death may be,
The end of life. Nay, heaven's above.
And this I know, whate'er befall,
Death is,—and God is Love.

Oh, Thou, the Infinite, the True,
Who fought the battle, won the strife,
Teach us aright to understand
That Life is Hope and Death is Life.

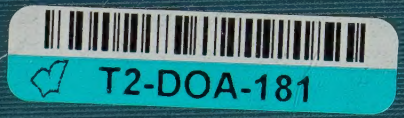
For her. For us?

ASSOCIATED MENNONITE BIBLICAL SEMINARIES
ELKHART
LIBRARY

Date Due			

WITHDRAWN from AMBS LIBRARY

B J13 c.1
Speer, Robert Elliot 000
A memorial of Alice Jackson, b 040107


T2-DOA-181